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EDITORIAL

In his message, President Carter has placed a great deal of emphasis on "human rights." At the very beginning of our nation's history, Thomas Jefferson set forth a statement that the pursuit of happiness is an inalienable human right, along with life and liberty, and it is not to be abridged by any government. The Declaration of Independence is a highly controversial document even today, and in the centuries since it was written, the "inalienable rights" of minority groups and women have been undermined and bypassed on innumerable occasions. Jefferson himself was guilty of transgression against human rights by owning slaves.

Nevertheless, the altruistic sentiments he penned at our nation's birth have become the ideal cherished and sought for our government and its people.

Today in this country, there are those who would like to stop our right to pursue happiness at the bedroom door. They feel that oppression is all right as long as the majority gets a chance to vote for it. This is a very dangerous viewpoint.

Certain modes of behavior between consenting adults in the privacy of their own homes already are grounds for imprisonment, subject to fine, cause for dismissal from a variety of employments, reasons for being denied housing. These usual "crimes" include—but are by no means confined to—homosexuality.

The oppression of homosexuality is veiled in the thin guise of "morality" and "religion" in this country. In the commercial countries we so like to criticize, the guile for the same oppression is, perhaps, "paternalism."

Without the courtesy of trial or the right to speak out publicly in their own defense, gays are, in effect, to be convicted of, and punished for, attempting to molest or corrupt children. Thus, the rights of homosexuals to pursue the fulfillment of their own life-style is denied. Moreover, the right of homosexuals to explore, examine, or speak out in support of people whose sex lives are different from their own is severely threatened.

No man is an island. The loss of anyone else's freedom is a strike against freedom for everyone. Support human rights for us all.

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"A GAY VACATION WITH ANTA IN MIAMI" or "Forbidden Fruits at the Sunshine Tree"

BORRIS: It was a semester break, and I decided to let loose for once in my life. All winter long I had felt shut in. First there was the snow—mountains of it all over campus. Then there was the studying, labors and cramming. I just wanted to be free. I wanted to get away from my parents and from the small minds that blossom on campuses of small-town religious colleges. I went to Miami that January to get away—to lose myself in wine and warm nights. But how could I ever have imagined what I'd find there? I found Anta!

ANTA: I saw her sitting alone one morning with a drink at the bar in the Miami hotel. Her long dark hair cascaded down her back like rippling water. She smiled at me but somehow her eyes looked sad. I decided to try and cheer her up.

BORRIS: She seemed to carry all the Florida sunshine within her. Her eyes were bright and warm, her personality was effervescent, her smile was contagious. She invited herself to sit down beside me and tossed off one-liners





**"I went to Miami that January to get away ...
But how could I ever have imagined what I'd
find there? I found Anita!"**

between each sip of her screwdriver. Before I knew it she had me laughing till the tears ran down my face. It was great! Then, I don't know exactly why, but suddenly I reached over and brushed back an unruly curl of her blond hair and told her I thought she was really beautiful. She laughed and blushed at the same

time. I really didn't think I had meant to do anything sexual, and I was terrified that I had upset her. Yet, I knew that the softness of her hair thrilled me unbearably.

ANITA: As soon as she touched me I realized how much I wanted her. But I didn't know ex-





actly how to tell her that. So, I asked her if she'd like to spend the day at my house. I have a pool, and she could have more privacy—for getting a tan that is.

ROBBIE: I'll never be ashamed of what we did. Nothing in the world is smoother than a woman's skin. Nothing is softer than a woman's touch. I spent that afternoon and the rest of my time in Florida memorizing every part of her with my lips. Enjoying the touch and taste and scent of her until I knew her by heart.

"A MARRIAGE
MADE
IN HEAVEN"





"Maybe it happened because I was feeling so much emotion when my baby sister got married," Deanna says, flashing her dark eyes. "We had all been good friends with Charles and his family for some time, but I never met Charles' sister Eve until the week before the ceremony. Eve flew back from Albuquerque to help us out with some of the arrangements."

I guess we both felt a sort of maternal interest in the kids, and we worked very hard to make sure everything would go smoothly. Eve and I spent most of the week together running back and forth to get things done, and I was more than relieved that we got along so perfectly. I told her I hoped that we could become good friends and that I wished I had met her a long time ago. She smiled and told me she felt the same way."





*"I couldn't stop holding her.
I started rubbing my hands
up and down the back of her
dress."*

Deanna pushes herself back in her seat and looks down momentarily before returning to her story. "It was a beautiful wedding! I cried, of course. My sister and Charles were glowing and could hardly wait through the reception to leave on their honeymoon. After the reception both families went to Mom and Dad's house for the 'private' celebration.

It wasn't private at all. It was noisy, and everybody had had a little too much to drink before they got there," says Deanna, running her fingers through her long hair.

"I guess Eve noticed my exhaustion, because she suggested that we wait out the party at her motel room. I had had it with the crowds, so I jumped at the chance. At the motel, we had time to talk things over and get to know each other better. Then she told me that she was glad we were sisters now, and she came over and threw her arms around me and kissed me. Well, I just melted inside. I couldn't stop holding her.





I started rubbing my hands up and down the back of her dress. I'm not sure she could have stopped me if she'd wanted to, but she didn't want to stop either. She kissed my neck, and I began stroking her breasts, kissing her shoulders, loosening her dress. . . . It was the sweetest, most beautiful love I had ever known. That was over four years ago. I quit my job and moved to Albuquerque as soon as I could, and Eve and I have been together ever since. Sometimes I wonder if my kid sister and Charles still have a marriage as wonderful as Eve and I do."



"INTERVIEW WITH A LESBIAN FEMINIST"

BY
William Simmons

For many years a variety of related individuals—psychiatrists and psychologists, educators and sociologists, poets and novelists—will have tried their hand at describing an exploding lesbian behavior. It is our theory at this magazine that the best persons to answer questions or field criticisms are practicing lesbians themselves. With this thought in mind, we have conducted an interview in our offices with a well-crowed lesbian who also describes herself as a feminist; it is our sincere hope that through her comments all of us can become more familiar with, and consequently understanding of, lesbian behavior.





Q: Tell me, what made you become a lesbian?

A: Well, of course I could list any number of reasons—it could all lesbians, but in the end, it all comes down to one significant fact: I love women. I adore women. I always have. You go through your early life thinking if you date enough men, if you go to bed with enough men, it'll go away. But then when you realize it hasn't gone away, and it'll never go away, you become a lesbian. Or at least that's how I became a lesbian.

Q: Then, you have gone to bed with men?

A: Yes, I think most gay women have tried it both ways (which is a lot more than I can say for most straight women). Of course, there are women who come to grips with their preference for women while they were still virgins and have only had sexual relations with women. I've met some—never slept with some—but they're a minority. Most lesbians were "straight" first. Sometimes it takes them ten or 20 years to summon the courage to go gay. They can make up after four kids and a couple of marriages to discover that they pushed themselves into a life they never really wanted, because they were so afraid of being different. It's very sad. Some women who are really gay kids will never have the guts to come out.

Q: Do you mean that some straight women are really lesbian?

A: Well, you can't call them "lesbians" if they don't sleep with women. A lot more married women and single straight women are dissatisfied with the role of heterosexual relationships than you'd imagine, though. They're pretty tired of being put down and misinterpreted. They're almost frantic to find a relationship where they're respected and treated as equals. When a woman reaches this level of consciousness, it's much



excuse her for to allow herself to become involved with another woman. Maybe she'll become a lesbian through that, or maybe she'll just going back to men after a while.
Q: You almost make it sound as if lesbianism is like a sexual strike against men who don't support equality for women. Is that the case?

"Some dykes like to imply that women are like drugs."

A: Well, not exactly. There are what are called "political lesbians," who may or may not be going to bed with women, but a lot of straight women can swear and yell about not being treated as equal human beings by men, but it never would occur to them to love sex with a woman. Some male feminists are repulsed by lesbianism, and some male lesbians have found themselves discriminated against in the straight-dominated feminist movement and the male-dominated gayrights movement as well. Anyway, you can be an activist for women, loving women as a human beings, but unless you have a physical desire for women and want to take one to bed, you're not a lesbian. If it did occur to a disaffected heterosexual woman to try having a gay relationship, chances are it would never cross her that it could be a political move.

Q: Are all lesbians also feminists?

A: Surprisingly not. Naturally lesbians are more concerned about women, its a rule, than straight, and some devote their lives to fighting for women's rights, but not every female gay is a feminist. There are a lot of people in the world who only love in freedom for themselves. Some gay men don't want to help women and vice versa. Some of the Jewish people don't want to help the blacks. Historically, no oppressed group can count on support from other oppressed groups in the days of



role playing, there were many lesbians who firmly believed in their own superiority to the men and even those who supported the superiority of men. There were also quite a few firms who went along with that idea. Today, there's less role playing, but there's as much political speech on men. Many lesbians just want to live their lives the way they want and be left alone.

"... Give women a choice of which role she'd rather play . . . she'd probably pick the role of the male."

Q: What, in your opinion, would gay women to play roles?
A: Obviously they were trying to copy heterosexuality. I think they just wanted to meet normally into lives they were told were safe. And they felt they had to set up a system in a life-style in which there were so far most guidelines saying who would be what.

Q: Why would women ever have wanted to get a screw-out and dress up in a suit and tie?

A: Well, for one thing, at the time many of them realized their gayness, there was no information available to them about why they also like them. They assumed that they were the only one in the world who ever felt that way. If men are the only people you know who are attracted to women, and you discover that you are attracted to women, you can begin to get it into your head that you are exactly like a man except for your appearance. Then you'll want to make your appearance as them so how you really feel inside. Also, if women are only attracted to men, in your experience, you'll try to make yourself look like what you think they're attracted to. There were enough lesbians who did this to establish it into an acceptable part of their culture. But another reason—and if you ask me, this is what eventually broke the role playing system down—another reason is that if you want to give a woman a choice of which







role she'd rather play in a relationship, she'd probably pick the role of the male, because that would make her the one with the power.

Q: Didn't we ever agree to women that dropping up like men at a time when it was so unpopular made them lead talk to the rest of society?

A: They were always told they were sick anyway just for wanting women. Psychologists have discovered that if you take a smart little kid and put him into a classroom where you tell him he's dumb, you'll end up with a kid who only dumb. If you tell people they're sick all their lives, you can end up with people whose behavior is outside your norms. After all, it was not safe your norms to begin with. Besides that, it was a form of rebellion to dress that way. It was a gay woman's way of saying, "I'm a dyke, variety, and fuck you!"

Q: What is it like to live a heterosexual life style?

A: It's fine. I enjoy it. If I didn't, it would become heterosexual again. Some dykes like to imply that women are like drugs, and you can become addicted to them. I don't think that's true, but if you believe women are better, so I do, then it would certainly be difficult to make yourself settle for less. It only makes sense that a gay life style must have something going for it. Otherwise, why would people put up with all the hassles gays have to face? I think that's what scares straights so much. Gays will sometimes die before they'll go straight again.

"Some women who are really gay inside will never have the guts to come out."

Q: Then you think that becoming a lesbian is a continuous choice women make?

A: Personally, I do. Some people don't feel they ever had a choice. They think they were only attracted to their own sex from the earliest time they could remember. I can look back to my own childhood and recall being attracted to girls from a very young age. But that didn't stop me from thinking I was heterosexual for a long time. And I couldn't say whether straight women were attracted to their own sex as kids or not. Some time I'd like to be close enough to a few straight women to ask them.

Q: Psychologists have said that it's perfectly natural for youngsters to be attracted to children of their own sex, but if this condition continues into adulthood, as it does with homosexuals, it's known as "delayed adolescence." What do you think of that?

A: I would equate it with calling dumb people physically or mentally. Did you know that there used to be experts who said that when blacks needed authority their ability to learn diminished and they regressed mentally? I think the same experts who worked on theories about blacks were hired to work on theories about gays too.

Q: Are lesbians moon-butchers?

A: Well, a typical dyke response to that is, "No, I don't hate men. I don't have to live with them!" But it's not as simple as it seems over that question as it sounds. It depends on which lesbians and which men you're talking about. Take me, for example. I love my dad and my brothers. There's no gay guy I'm closer to than I am any male I've ever known before, including my own family. I enjoy the company of the men I work with. But when I walk out of a gay bar late at night to get into my car, I'm not worried about a lesbian or gay man jumping out of the bushes and raping me. I'm worried about a straight man. And because heterosexual male violence is that much of a threat to me, my lovers, and my friends, many times I can't even enjoy myself without thinking about it. My whole relationship with men is of



affected by this. I don't hate all men, but how can you respect a group of people that seems to make a habit of hiding behind excuses to harass or intimidate or even kill a group of smaller, weaker people. And it makes me wonder whether men really like women at all. There are a lot of other diseases who feel exactly as I do. Some gay women aren't willing to do with men—straight, gay, or homosexual. Others react in male threats of violence by rendering it in violence and hostility toward men.

Q: Don't you think stereotyping all men as rapists or as simple as stereotyping all Muslims as truck drivers?

A: Yes. Of course, it's much easier to agree with you intellectually in daylight than emotionally at night.

Q: Naturally I assume you have strong feelings about the people who would like to typecast all homosexuals into the category of child molesters and sex offenders. But I think you'll have to agree that there are some guys who enjoy corrupting the very young. Can you honestly—and I mean honestly—say that you think it's safe to permit a group of people, some of whom are known to indulge in "chicken heading," to care for or instruct children in our public schools or other institutions?

A: That exact argument is the one I would use to remove children from the unsupervised care of their parents. Statistics show that parents, relatives, and friends are the biggest molesters of young children, and that the offenders are almost



exclusively males who use against female leaders of the antigay movement simply choose to ignore that evidence in their placement of blame on us as gay men. I don't think any potential child molesters of any sexual orientation should be allowed within a hundred miles of an innocent child, but since any individual is at least theoretically capable of hurting children, that means society will have to institute better measures to supervise and protect the kids and to deal more strongly in punishing sex offenders. It doesn't help children to look out fearfully at one group of people while you leave them defenseless against a more populous and more glibly group. It just makes it seem as if the kids are being used like pawns in this. Maybe if some of these antihomosexual groups would spend the money they collected to fight against fighting out why it is that the people with muscle and power get off on exerting it to hurt the weak and helpless, we could stop child abuse and war, aggression, and crime all at the same time.

Q: Still, don't you think that if properly instructed and gay men teach kids, it's more likely to turn the kids toward that kind of behavior as well?

A: Tell me, do you honestly believe that you were never attracted by a gay teacher? About 30 years ago, many school boards did not permit women who were married to teach. This hiring practice created the phenomenon of the "old maid schoolteacher," which became a standard joke of society. No one thought their own schoolteacher could be a lesbian unless she was very young, because no one knew that a woman who was her hair in a bun could enjoy sex. And because female schoolteachers were paid so little, it was acceptable for two women to live together and share expenses. I don't mean to imply that just because two unmarried women who teach school happen to live together they're queer. That's the kind of mentality *The Children's Hazard* dealt with. But looking back as a heterosexual adult, I can wonder about the one time all some of my teachers that at the time I would never have suspected of being lesbians.

It's thrilling to say the least! For anyone who enjoys the symmetry and soft femininity of a woman's breast.

...and a beautiful, delicate and to a surprising beauty from all over the world and putting it in your hands.

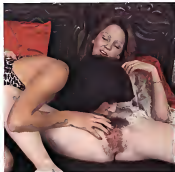
Ask for T&T by name at your bookstore.

"SIRENS OF SAPPHO"

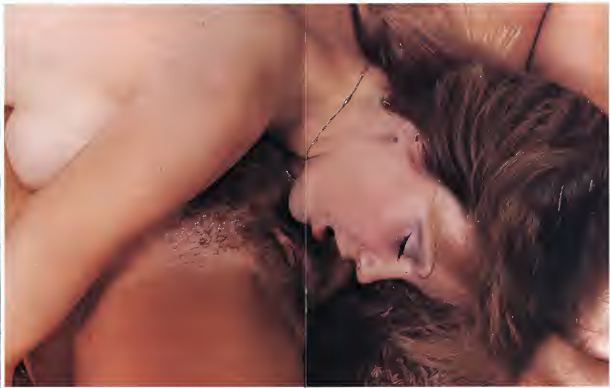
WINE, WOMEN, AND SONG
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ANY DAY IN THE WEEK
IS A FINE DAY FOR A
PARTY—AS LONG AS
THEY CAN DO IT TO-
GETHER.

"I WAS TWO YEARS OLD
WHEN I DISCOVERED
SIN IS FUN," SAYS
GRACE. "THAT'S THE
FIRST TIME MY MOM
CAUGHT ME MASTURBAT-
ING. SHE HIT THE
ROOF BEFORE I COULD,
BUT SHE DIDN'T STOP
ME FROM FIGURING OUT
THAT I WAS ON TO
"SOMETHING!"
MARLENE AND GRACE
HAVE A MOTTO: IT
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FEELS HEAVENLY. "THE
FIRST TIME MY MOTHER
CAUGHT ME DOING IT
WITH A GIRL, I KNOW
SHE WOULD HAVE LIKED
TO KICK ME OUT OF THE
HOUSE," MARLENE SAYS.
"ONE THING STOPPED
HER THOUGH—I WAS
ONLY SEVEN YEARS OLD
AT THE TIME. I
GUESS YOU COULD SAY
I WAS ALREADY A DYKE
AS A LITTLE TYKE!"









"TO STUDENTS OF THE DANCE"

*It is a dance
That women do together.
As delicate as poetry
And as intricate as lace.*

*It didn't begin with us.
It is an idea more ancient than Greece,
More timeless than the tombs of Egypt,
Deeper than the jungles,
Following the gentle
Curves of the smooth-flowing
Amazon.*

*Women, who were taught
To see the subtle seductiveness
Of a flower,
The exquisite beauty
Of perfumed skin,
The rich tactile pleasure
That glistens like water in sunlight on*







*Silken-cheeked skin
Women like these can learn
To dance the dance of lovers
In the soft folds
Of their own
Womanhood*

*There is a legend
That goes
With the fragments of history
And broken bits of poetry,
Fragile as clay urns.
We have the names,
Places that conjure
Memories.*





*It is Hesiod who tells us,
Once we were a dreaded army;
Once we had a noble civilisation:
The wedding songs of Aphrodite came
From the women who did not marry.
Through the Dark Ages
Through black death threats
In ominous forests
In magic circles of light
The women were dancing together
Around fire that would one day
Consume them.*

*When fragile spinners of twenty-six and
Tender tomboys not yet ready to conform
Brought whispers to the literary society,
The legend was remembered.*

*Sappho said it for us centuries ago,
'We shall take pleasure in it,
As for anyone who criticizes,
May folly and misfortune
Befall him.'*

*It is a dance
That women do together
As delicate as poetry
And as intricate as love.*





"WHY I WAS LATE FOR WORK"

"A funny thing happened to me on the way to the office," pretty dark-haired Ginny said apologetically to her interviewer. "I was on my way to work as usual—in fact I was almost an hour early. On the road a few miles out of town, there was a girl—obviously in trouble. Her car was belching smoke, and she was trying to flag down passing motorists. Naturally I, as a fellow female, felt duty-bound and obligated to pick up a sister in distress.

After all, here she was practically out in the middle of nowhere, and you know there are perverts and wild animals and all kinds of dangers to a young woman alone these days. In fact, I told her when I picked her up that a pretty girl like her had to be very careful of sex maniacs and such. Well, she was so grateful to me that I was really glad to have been a good samaritan. Poor kid!

She told me she'd been having a lot of trouble with that old car. And that was one of the least of her misfortunes. Yeah, she was having a rough time with her folks, and her classes at the community college,





and men too. She was just so sad. I was touched. Deeply touched. As I said, I was about an hour early anyway, so I suggested that we pull over for a little while. We could take a walk and talk things out. I hadn't bothered to eat breakfast, so I took my lunch along in case we decided we were hungry. We found that we had a lot of things in common, and there was so much to talk about! I don't really know why I was so interested in her. There was just something about her that made me feel, ah . . . intense empathy. I suppose it was that she





was so . . . vulnerable. Well, I thought we'd only be there a few minutes at the very most. I still don't know where so much time went. It honestly didn't seem like we were there very long. I couldn't believe it when I realized how late I was going to be for work! But I'm sure an understanding person like yourself can imagine how things like these just sort of happen. And I'm not sorry about it! That is, I mean, I'm sorry about being late and all, of course—but the two of us established a sort of . . . rapport out there and got to be quite close. I know we both felt a lot better for the whole experience, and we plan to continue, ah . . . discussing our problems with each other every chance we get. In fact, we set up sort of an appointment to get together as soon as I get home tonight. In fact—you know it's been a long time since I asked you if I could leave work early, and I was wondering if maybe today I could.

Please!"







"GYPSY ROSALIE"



"I just didn't understand why my life was so shitty all of a sudden. I lost my job. I totaled my car. I had a big fight with my lover. Things were just miserable!" Trudy tells us. "So I found an ad in the personal column of the newspaper that said, 'I Can See Your Future,' and I called the number listed in the ad for an appointment. That's how I met Gypsy Rosalie. She lived on the eighth floor of a high-rise downtown, and she did her readings out of her tastefully decorated apartment. I sat in the living room and read her copies of *Cosmo*/*Politi* until she was ready to start reading me. Gypsy Rosalie swept in dressed in jewels and flowing sheer material. Immediately, she took my hand and studied it intently. I could tell that what she was making her exerted. She said I must be quite a girl and that she'd like to get to know me on a nonprofessional level. "Well, that's nice," I said, "but tell me what's making my life so terrible."



Quickly she constructed my birthchart from the information I gave her and perused it carefully repeating, 'Ah, uh huh, uh huh . . .' over and over. After a few minutes she explained, 'Saturn is conjunct your Mars in opposition to your natal Neptune.' It sounded bad, and I told her so! 'What can I do?' I said. She smiled and told me that all was not as hopeless as it seemed. Jupiter was conjunct my Venus trining my Midheaven. Thank God! The future looked better. 'As a Sagittarius, you are ruled by lucky Jupiter, and your Jupiter promises good things for you. Especially related to your love life.' I protested, 'But my love life is awful! My lover and I had a big fight, and we aren't seeing each other anymore.' She said, 'Oh, I'm sorry to hear that,' but she smiled as she said it. 'Won't your lover—a woman?' she asked. I was taken aback! 'Why, how did you know?!' I exclaimed







'Gypsy Rosalie knows everything,' she replied simply. I was too shocked to say anything. Finally I changed the subject by asking about the huge golden lion hanging around her neck. 'Are you a Leo?' I asked. She said that she was, adding, 'Leos and Sagittarians are perfectly matched.' It was not until that moment that I realized what she was up to. I was a little bit flustered and a little bit excited. I didn't know exactly what to do, but a tiny voice in my head told me, 'What the Hell! Do it!' So I did. I leaned over and kissed her! And you know, I've discovered something. Leos are really wonderful people, once you get to know them. They can help you see the bright side of your future. I go back to Gypsy Rosalie for all my problems, and she gives me a big discount every time I come!'"

"WHAT GOT INTO THE FARMERS' DAUGHTERS"



Linda and Francine live out in the country, miles from the sins of city life. They are quiet girls. Good students through school. Hard workers on the neighboring farms their parents own. No one suspected that they were anything but perfect children until they were both sixteen years old. That is when the stories started. Now Linda and Francine take time from their pursuits—Uh, Linda! Hey, Francine, aren't you girls supposed to be taking time from your pursuits? . . . Uh, Linda! Anyway, while these two continue their pursuits, we'll recount their story just as they gave it to us. "All our lives we were inseparable," Linda explained. "I don't remember a time when I didn't know Francine. We sat next to each other in every class. We spent every night watching TV together. When we were kids, I used to sleep over at her house a lot, or else she'd be over at my house. We never thought about sex or anything, but we were very close. We had secret codes and special places where nobody else was allowed to go." Francine looked dreamily into Linda's eyes while she talked. Then Linda let Francine have a turn at talking with us. "Yeah, it was neat. There was nothing I couldn't tell Linda. I don't remember exactly when I started



to be attracted to her, but I remember how hurt I was when she started trying to spend her time with boys. I had never even liked boys. As far as I was concerned, they were just the creeps Linda and I used to run away from. And here she was, all of a sudden, wanting to sit by them on the bus instead of me. I felt betrayed. I spent a lot of time in my room crying about it, because I just didn't feel that it made any sense. Finally, out of self-defense, I stopped being friends with Linda. I didn't invite her over to see me, and I didn't talk to her unless I had to." Linda nodded in agreement and continued their story. "Everybody said, 'When you get older, you'll like boys too,' but nobody ever told me I'd have to give anything up when I started trying to be with them. Maybe I was just stupid, but I thought things would always be the same with Francine and me, whether we were married or not. I loved Francine more than anybody else in the world and my dream as a kid had always been of Francine and me in the same kitchen together, waiting for our two imaginary husbands. Francine was the only real person I could imagine in my future, so when she practically stopped talking to me, and I couldn't figure out why, I thought I'd lose my mind. One day after school, I went over to her house. She didn't want to see me, but she was embarrassed to let her mom know we weren't best friends anymore, so she invited me into her room and then just acted







really cold to me. I said, 'Francine, why are you mad at me? What did I do?' and she said, 'I'm not mad at you. Why should I be mad at you.' 'Francine laughed. 'I didn't want to tell her, and really I didn't know how to tell her. After all, all the girls start trying to date guys when they get into their teens. That's what you're supposed to do. And if you didn't do that, and you wanted to be with another girl, then you must be some kind of homosexual. I couldn't tell her what was wrong, and she kept asking me and asking me. Finally I broke down crying. I said, 'If I tell you, I know you'll hate me.' She said she could never hate me and we'd always be best friends as far as she was concerned. I said, 'If we're best friends, how come you'd rather be with boys?' She told me she was with boys because she thought she was supposed to be with boys. 'Do you honestly believe that I'd rather be with them than you?' she said. 'I don't even know what to talk about when I'm with them.' I told her I didn't want her to be with boys. I wanted her to be with me.' Linda blushed for us. 'It was sort of a new idea for me,' she admitted. 'But it wasn't as hard to get used to the idea as you might think. Especially since I was so happy to be friends with her again that I wanted to kiss her anyway. We started making love that night and have been regularly ever since. I still have the same dream about our future, only now I don't include any imaginary husbands.'

